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SERIES

SEPTEMBER

VOL.  
29

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1882.

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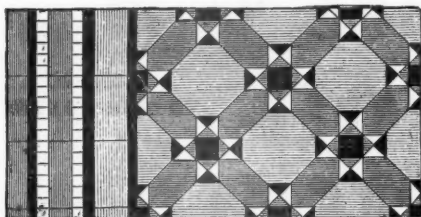
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BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XXII. HARRY ANNESLEY IS SUMMONED HOME.

"JUST now I am triumphant," Harry Annesley had said to his hostess as he left Mrs. Armitage's house in The Paragon, at Cheltenham. He was absolutely triumphant, throwing his hat up into the air in the abandonment of his joy. For he was not a man to have conceived so well of his own parts as to have flattered himself that the girl must certainly be his. There are at present a number of young men about who think that few girls are worth the winning, but that any girl is to be had, not by asking—which would be troublesome—but simply by looking at her. You can see the feeling in their faces. They are for the most part small in stature, well made little men, who are aware that they have something to be proud of, wearing close-packed shining little hats, by which they seem to add more than a cubit to their stature, men endowed with certain gifts of personal—dignity I may perhaps call it, though the word rises somewhat too high. They look as though they would be able to say a clever thing; but their spoken thoughts seldom rise above a small acrid sharpness. They respect no one; above all, not their elders. To such a one his horse comes first, if he have a horse; then a dog; and then a stick; and after that the mistress of his affections. But their fault is not altogether of their own making. It is the girls themselves who spoil them and endure their inanity, because of that assumed look of superiority which to the eyes of the outside world would be a little offensive were it not a little foolish. But they do not marry often. Whether it

be that the girls know better at last, or that they themselves do not see sufficiently clearly their future dinners, who can say? They are for the most part younger brothers, and perhaps have discovered the best way of getting out of the world whatever scraps the world can afford them. Harry Annesley's faults were altogether of another kind. In regard to this young woman, the Florence whom he had loved, he had been over modest. Now his feeling of glory was altogether redundant. Having been told by Florence that she was devoted to him, he walked with his head among the heavens. The first instinct with such a young man as those of whom I have spoken teaches him, the moment he has committed himself, to begin to consider how he can get out of the scrape. It is not much of a scrape, for when an older man comes this way, a man verging towards baldness, with a good professional income, our little friend is forgotten and he is passed by without a word. But Harry had now a conviction—on that one special night—that he never would be forgotten and never would forget. He was filled at once with an unwonted pride. All the world was now at his feet, and all the stars were open to him. He had begun to have a glimmering of what it was that Augustus Scarborough intended to do; but the intentions of Augustus Scarborough were now of no moment to him. He was clothed in a panoply of armour which would be true against all weapons. At any rate, on that night and during the next day this feeling remained the same with him.

Then he received a summons from his mother at Buston. His mother pressed him to come at once down to the parsonage. "Your uncle has been with your father, and has said terrible things about

you. As you know, my brother is not very strong-minded, and I should not care so much for what he says were it not that so much is in his hands. I cannot understand what it is all about, but your father says that he does nothing but threaten. He talks of putting the entail on one side. Entails used to be fixed things, I thought; but since what old Mr. Scarborough did, nobody seems to regard them now. But even suppose the entail does remain, what are you to do about the income? Your father thinks you had better come down and have a little talk about the matter."

This was the first blow received since the moment of his exaltation. Harry knew very well that the entail was fixed and could not be put aside by Mr. Prosper, though Mr. Scarborough might have succeeded with his entail; but yet he was aware that his present income was chiefly dependent on his uncle's good will. To be reduced to live on his fellowship would be very dreadful. And that income, such as it was, depended entirely on his celibacy. And he had too, as he was well aware, engendered habits of idleness during the last two years. The mind of a young man so circumstanced turns always first to the bar, and then to literature. At the bar he did not think that there could be any opening for him. In the first place, it was late to begin; and then he was humble enough to believe of himself that he had none of the peculiar gifts necessary for a judge or for an advocate. Perhaps the knowledge that six or seven years of preliminary labour would be necessary was a deterrent.

The rewards of literature might be achieved immediately. Such was his idea. But he had another idea—perhaps as erroneous—that this career would not become a gentleman who intended to be squire of Buston. He had seen two or three men, decidedly Bohemian in their modes of life, to whom he did not wish to assimilate himself. There was Quaverdale, whom he had known intimately at St. John's, and who was on the Press. Quaverdale had quarrelled absolutely with his father, who was also a clergyman, and having been thrown altogether on his own resources, had come out as a writer for *The Coming Hour*. He made his five or six hundred a year in a rattling, loose, uncertain sort of fashion, and was—so thought Harry Annesley—the dirtiest man of his acquaintance. He did not believe in the six hundred a year, or Quaverdale would

certainly have changed his shirt more frequently, and would sometimes have had a new pair of trousers. He was very amusing, very happy, very thoughtless, and as a rule altogether impecunious. Annesley had never known him without the means of getting a good dinner, but those means did not rise to the purchase of a new hat. Putting Quaverdale before him as an example, Annesley could not bring himself to choose literature as a profession. Thinking of all this when he received his mother's letter, he assured himself that Florence would not like professional literature.

He wrote to say that he would be down at Buston in five days' time. It does not become a son who is a fellow of a college and the heir to a property to obey his parents too quickly. But he gave up the intermediate days to thinking over the condition which bound him to his uncle, and to discussing his prospects with Quaverdale, who, as usual, was remaining in town doing the editor's work for *The Coming Hour*. "If he interfered with me I should tell him to go to bed," said Quaverdale. The allusion was of course made to Mr. Prosper.

"I am not on those sort of terms with him."

"I should make my own terms, and then let him do his worst. What can he do? If he means to withdraw his beggarly two hundred and fifty pounds, of course he'll do it."

"I suppose I do owe him something, in the way of respect."

"Not if he threatens you in regard to money. What does it come to? That you are to cringe at his heels for a beggarly allowance which he has been pleased to bestow upon you without your asking. 'Very well, my dear fellow,' I should say to him, 'you can stop it the moment you please. For certain objects of your own—that your heir might live in the world after a certain fashion—you have bestowed it. It has been mine since I was a child. If you can reconcile it to your conscience to discontinue it, do so.' You would find that he would have to think twice about it."

"He will stop it, and what am I to do then? Can I get an opening on any of these papers?" Quaverdale whistled—a mode of receiving the overture which was not pleasing to Annesley. "I don't suppose that anything so very superhuman in the way of intellect is required." Annesley had got a fellowship, whereas Quaverdale had done nothing at the university.

"Couldn't you make a pair of shoes? Shoemakers do get good wages."

"What do you mean? A fellow never can get you to be serious for two minutes together."

"I never was more serious in my life."

"That I am to make shoes?"

"No, I don't quite think that. I don't suppose you can make them. You'd have first to learn the trade, and show that you were an adept."

"And I must show that I am an adept before I can write for *The Coming Hour*." There was a tone of sarcasm in this which was not lost on Quaverdale.

"Certainly you must; and that you are a better adept than I who have got the place, or some other unfortunate who will have to be put out of his berth. *The Coming Hour* only requires a certain number. Of course there are many newspapers in London, and many magazines, and much literary work going. You may get your share of it, but you have got to begin by shoving some incompetent fellow out. And in order to be able to begin you must learn the trade."

"How did you begin?"

"Just in that way. While you were roaming about London like a fine gentleman, I began by earning twenty-four shillings a week."

"Can I earn twenty-four shillings a week?"

"You won't, because you have already got your fellowship. You had a knack at writing Greek Iambics, and therefore got a fellowship. I picked up at the same time the way of stringing English together. I also soon learned the way to be hungry. I'm not hungry now very often, but I've been through it. My belief is that you wouldn't get along with my editor."

"That's your idea of being independent."

"Certainly it is. I do his work and take his pay, and obey his orders. If you think you can do the same, come and try. There's not room here, but there is no doubt room elsewhere. There's the trade to be learned like any other trade; but my belief is that even then you could not do it. We don't want Greek Iambics."

Harry turned away disgusted. Quaverdale was like the rest of the world, and thought that a peculiar talent and a peculiar tact were needed for his own business. Harry believed that he was as able to write a leading article at any rate as Quaverdale, and that the Greek Iambics

would not stand in his way. But he conceived it to be probable that his habits of cleanliness might do so, and gave up the idea for the present. He thought that his friend should have welcomed him with an open hand into the realms of literature; and, perhaps, it was the case that Quaverdale attributed too much weight to the knack of turning readable paragraphs on any subject at a moment's notice.

But what should he do down at Buston? There were three persons there with whom he would have to contend: his father, his mother, and his uncle. With his father he had always been on good terms; but had still been subject to a certain amount of gentle sarcasm. He had got his fellowship and his allowance, and had so been lifted above his father's authority. His father thoroughly despised his brother-in-law, and looked down upon him as an absolute ass. But he was reticent, only dropping a word here and there, out of deference, perhaps, to his wife, and from a feeling lest his son might be deficient in wise courtesy, if he were encouraged to laugh at his benefactor. He had said a word or two as to a profession when Harry left Cambridge; but the word or two had come to nothing. In those days the uncle had altogether ridiculed the idea, and the mother, fond of her son, the fellow and the heir, had altogether opposed the notion. The rector himself was an idle, good-looking, self-indulgent man—a man who read a little and understood what he read, and thought a little and understood what he thought; but who took no trouble about anything. To go through the world comfortably with a rather large family and a rather small income, was the extent of his ambition. In regard to his eldest son he had begun well. Harry had been educated free, and had got a fellowship. He had never cost his father a shilling. And now the eldest of two grown-up daughters was engaged to be married to the son of a brewer living in the little town of Buntingford. This also was a piece of good luck which the rector accepted with a thankful heart. There was another grown-up girl, also pretty, and then a third girl not grown up, and the two boys, who were at present at school at Royston. Thus burdened the Reverend Mr. Annesley went through the world, with as jaunty a step as was possible, making but little of his troubles, but anxious to make as much as he could of his advantages. Of these the position of Harry was the brightest, if only Harry



would be careful to guard it. It was quite out of the question that he should find an income for Harry if the squire stopped the two hundred and fifty pounds per annum which he at present allowed him.

Then there was Harry's mother, who had already very frequently discounted the good things which were to fall to Harry's lot. She was a dear, good, motherly woman, all whose geese were certainly counted to be swans. And of all swans Harry was the whitest; whereas, in purity of plumage, Mary, the eldest daughter, who had won the affections of the young Buntingford brewer, was the next. That Harry's allowance should be stopped would be almost as great a misfortune as though Mr. Thoroughbury were to break his neck out hunting with the Parkeridge hounds—an amusement which, after the manner of brewers, he was much in the habit of following. Mrs. Annesley had lived at Buston all her life, having been born at the Hall. She was an excellent mother of a family, and a good clergyman's wife, being in both respects more painstaking and assiduous than her husband. But she did maintain something of respect for her brother, though in her inmost heart she knew that he was a fool. But to have been born Squire of Buston was something, and to have reached the age of fifty unmarried, so as to leave the position of heir open to her own son was, more. To such a one a great deal was due; but of that deal Harry was but little disposed to pay any part. He must be talked to, and very seriously talked to, and if possible saved from the sin of offending his easily-offended uncle. A terrible idea had been suggested to her lately by her husband. The entail might be made altogether inoperative by the marriage of her brother. It was a fearful notion, but one which if it entered into her brother's head might possibly be carried out. No one before had ever dreamed of anything so dangerous to the Annesley interests, and Mrs. Annesley now felt that by due submission on the part of the heir it might be avoided.

But the squire himself was the foe whom Harry most feared. He quite understood that he would be required to be submissive, and, even if he were willing, he did not know how to act the part. There was much now that he would endure for the sake of Florence. If Mr. Prosper demanded that after dinner he should sit and hear a sermon, he would sit and hear it

out. It would be a bore, but might be endured on behalf of the girl whom he loved. But he much feared that the cause of his uncle's displeasure was deeper than that. A rumour had reached him that his uncle had declared his conduct to Mountjoy Scarborough to have been abominable. He had heard no words spoken by his uncle, but threats had reached him through his mother, and also through his uncle's man of business. He certainly would go down to Buston, and carry himself towards his uncle with what outward signs of respect would be possible. But, if his uncle accused him, he could not but tell his uncle that he knew nothing of the matter of which he was talking. Not for all Buston could he admit that he had done anything mean or ignoble. Florence, he was quite sure, would not desire it. Florence would not be Florence were she to desire it. He thought that he could trace the hands—or rather the tongues—through which the calumny had made its way down to the Hall. He would at once go to the Hall, and tell his uncle all the facts. He would describe the gross ill-usage to which he had been subjected. No doubt he had left the man sprawling upon the pavement; but there had been no sign that the man had been dangerously hurt; and when two days afterwards the man had vanished, it was clear that he could not have vanished without legs. Had he taken himself off—as was probable—then why need Harry trouble himself as to his vanishing? If someone else had helped him in escaping—as was also probable—why had not that someone come and told the circumstances when all the enquiries were being made? Why should he have been expected to speak of the circumstances of such an encounter, which could not have been told but to Captain Scarborough's infinite disgrace? And he could not have told of it without naming Florence Mountjoy. His uncle, when he heard the truth, must acknowledge that he had not behaved badly. And yet Harry, as he turned it all in his mind, was uneasy as to his own conduct. He could not quite acquit himself in that he had kept secret all the facts of that midnight encounter in the face of the enquiries which had been made, in that he had falsely assured Augustus Scarborough of his ignorance. And yet he knew that on no consideration would he acknowledge himself to have been wrong.



## THE UTILISATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

ELECTRICITY has at length been caught and imprisoned in a tactual form. The subtle sprite, more powerful in its capabilities than Ariel, more marvellous in its magic than Puck, has now become a thing so material as to fall within the scope of a parcels' delivery company for transmission; and we begin to anticipate as not far distant the time when steam and manual labour shall be no more, but force, in a condensed and palpable form, shall be brought to our doors daily, and retailed in measured quantities like the morning milk. But from what source will this force be obtained? and how immediately will these recent electrical discoveries affect the solution of the problem—undoubtedly the grandest of the age—how to adapt to our own ends those vast powers of Nature which are manifested all around us?

Physicists tell us that all forces are convertible—heat into electricity, electricity into motion, and so on—in certain definite proportions which are reducible to as absolute a scale as the multiplication-table. Force has been stated to be the relation between different forms of matter, manifested while their constituent atoms are undergoing chemical or structural changes, or forming new elementary combinations. All matter, liquid, solid, gaseous, animate or inanimate, may thus be said to have a certain amount of force locked up in it, and requiring only some given stimulus for its production and translation to some other body; for when we speak, as we often do, of waste force, we imply, not that such power has been lost in the sense of ceasing to exist, but that its particular manifestation in some instance was not seized upon for application to human purposes. Since the world was created, not a grain of its substance has been lost, nor has the actual quantity of any of the elements of which it is built up been altered; though variation of their relative proportions in their combinations is constantly taking place, and indeed constitutes force itself. Nor, as far as we know, has any atom ever been added to the universe, if we except those small occasional masses called meteorites, or vulgarly thunderbolts, the origin of which has not been clearly made out; the generally received opinion being, however, that such of these bodies as are not formed by electric fusion of the soil where they are

discovered—as many no doubt are—come from our own volcanoes. It follows, then, that the earth was established with a fixed amount of inherent force in it, and that this amount has never changed since the Creation. It may differ considerably in the manner or intensity of its indication; witness the oft-quoted example of the conversion of iron into rust—that is, the union of its particles with oxygen under certain conditions, forming an oxide. This may be effected rapidly by burning iron wire or filings in oxygen-gas, during which intense heat is evolved; or it may be submitted to the slower combustion which takes place when it rusts from exposure to the air, but in either case exactly the same amount of force—heat—is developed. In the former, it is evident; in the latter, the process is so slow and gradual that the increase of temperature is not appreciable.

Look at the huge natural powers on every side, any one of which would supply motive power for all the mechanism on the face of the globe, could it be brought to bear on the scene of action—the rise and fall of tides, the impetus of waves, rivers, and cataracts, the force of the winds, the spontaneous evolution of electricity, and the light, actinism, and heat of the sun. With regard to the last-mentioned power, a complete arrangement of lenses has recently been devised, which causes water to boil under the influence of the sun's rays; and its inventor has published details on which he bases the calculation that a strip of land, one hundred miles long and one mile broad, in the tropics, would furnish enough sun-power to generate sufficient steam for the working of all the machinery in the world. And when we see a windmill with its fans in revolution by the action of a gentle breeze, and contrast that with the tremendous impulse of a hurricane or typhoon, travelling at the rate of a hundred miles an hour; or a tiny rivulet turning a huge wheel, and think of the million-fold capabilities of Niagara (to which Sir William Thompson, Mr. Siemens, and other practical scientific men are now turning their attention); we become aware of the tremendous loss man sustains in his inability to make use of these gigantic engines. Take steam, again. To get steam we must have coal—for the few substitutes that have been recently tried are only experimental curiosities, as yet; and it is the cost of this coal that is the grand expense, and oftentimes a serious drawback or utter prohibition to undertakings in which steam

is the motor. Some of our great ocean steamship companies, for example, pay a quarter of a million pounds sterling or more for coal annually, the "black diamonds" averaging from two to three pounds per ton, at home and abroad. This, of course, includes freight by sailing vessels to foreign ports, and wharfage and labour there, which in some places raises the price to five pounds per ton. And this specific expense is not the only grave consideration, for it must be remembered that the accommodation necessary for six or eight hundred or a thousand tons of coal cuts a big slice out of a vessel's capacity for cargo and passengers, and that each ship must carry a large staff—far outnumbering the crew proper—of stokers, coal-trimmers, and firemen for the stowing and shifting of the cumbrous stuff. Yet the very medium through which these steamers foam on their course needs but the light touch of a wire to form almost the most calorific fuel known; the combustion of the hydrogen and oxygen resulting from the decomposition of water produces a heat so intense as to melt platinum, and to even volatilise gold to a slight extent. Why, then, have these vast powers never been turned to account, in this age of material utility?

The question of expense is the obstacle with all the means for storing force with which we have hitherto been acquainted. Those means are few at present, and inefficient owing to the costly nature of the direct application of the force in the first instance to the transmitting medium, and the loss of power involved in transit and final connection of the conveyed force. With connecting rods and chains of any great length there is an enormous expenditure of the force in overcoming the vis inertiae of the apparatus itself, owing to its weight, and in the friction of cog-wheels and pulleys. The coiling of a powerful spring might be employed for gradual after-distribution of motive power near at hand, but neither that nor the compression of air is suitable for conveyance to any distance—the latter agency, in addition to this objection, affording no very effective medium in itself. Whether more might not be done by condensing certain gases which are capable of liquefaction under a high pressure—many hundreds of pounds to the square inch—is a suggestion which will perhaps be answered conclusively before long by those scientists who devote their attention to this subject; it seems feasible to imagine that such

liquefied gases might be stored and carried in suitable vessels with very little loss, if any, of the expansive force corresponding to that employed for their condensation, which could be emitted and applied at pleasure by certain simple arrangements.

It is astounding to reflect how very few cases there are in which man has invoked Nature's forces to his aid, even in these days of all-pervading economy—Nature's forces, that is, in the sense in which we have alluded to them, the expression being understood as not inclusive of natural laws. With the familiar exceptions of the windmill and water-wheel, and the sails of a ship—which John Chinaman wisely adapted to his hand-cart or barrow when on a long journey thousands of years ago—we have scarcely a single instance of their use; though we occasionally hear of a structure, like the Clifton suspension-bridge, being raised to its position by the rise and fall of the tides, or of heavy sunken objects recovered and brought to land in tidal docks or estuaries by the same agency. A flat-bottomed barge is towed out and moored over the submerged block of stone, or whatever it is that has been lost; at dead low water a chain is made fast around this, and hauled up tight to a ring or stanchion in the barge. As the tide rises, the barge lifts the ponderous body, and at high water it is floated in towards shore until the weight takes the ground again, owing to the decreased depth of water. Here, again, the lighter is allowed to rest until ebb tide has reached its lowest point, when the chain is shortened to the utmost possible extent; thus, at the next flood, still shallower water is reached, and the process is repeated till the object is either high and dry at low tide, or capable of being treated by ordinary methods of removal from the shore. Suggestions have recently been made that the tidal rise of the river Severn—one of the highest in the world—should do good service to Bristol as prime agent in the lighting of its thoroughfares and buildings by electricity.

A paper was read before the Society of Naval Architects some time ago, in which a proposal was made that wave motion at sea should be compelled to minister to a vessel's speed by means of a suspended weight, oscillating amidships. The vibrations of this pendulum, as the ship rolled, were to coil a huge spring, and this, in its turn, was to work an auxiliary screw when required, in case of calms or

head winds, or to assist on a small scale in the performance of duties such as the working of cargo, setting or taking in sails, or pumping water, now performed by steam-winchies or manual labour. But perhaps the most ingenious application of wave force to mechanism that has ever been perfected is that shown in the construction of Courtenay's Automatic Buoy, already adopted by the Trinity House for use at certain stations around our coast, notably on the north-east Goodwins, the Scilly Isles, and Knapton Sands, off the Nore. Its principle of action is based on the fact that at a distance of about thirty-five feet below the level of the sea, there is no vertical movement of the water whatever. The apparatus may be said roughly to consist of two tubes of the above length; the upper, which rises and falls as the buoy mounts the waves, working within the lower one, which is fixed at one certain depth by its moorings. This continual pump-like movement, by means of certain valves in the interior, causes a store of compressed air to be laid up in the lower tube, which, being perpetually renewed, sounds a loud whistle continuously, and acts as a warning or a guide to mariners in thick fogs and on the darkest night. It is also capable of being graduated in its pressure, so that in very bad weather, when the roar of the wind or waves might presumably drown the scream of the whistle, it can fire a gun or flash a light at intervals; and this would be performed automatically by the very violence of the sea itself, or it can be arranged to indicate when shoals and banks are passable or impassable by vessels not exceeding a certain draught of water, by sounding only when the state of the tide allows a given amount of extension between the two tubes. And may we not hope to see electricity, which bids fair to be not only the moving but the ruling spirit of the future, generated before long by some such inexpensive and automatic adaptation of natural forces?

## LADY TEMPLE'S TROUBLE.

### CHAPTER I. PLOTTING.

"My dear Sir John, I am very sorry if I hurt your feelings, but I do not like the girl."

"So you have told me before, my dear."

"And you are as far from agreeing with me as ever."

"Well, yes; I confess I can see nothing so very objectionable in poor Julia."

"Poor Julia! She will be rich Julia one of these days, or I am much mistaken!"

Sir John broke into a good-natured laugh.

"Well, let us hope she may be."

"Yes, I could say that, too; but when I consider that it is your money she looks to spending——"

Sir John Temple's blue eyes opened.

"Mine! My dear wife, you must be dreaming."

"On the contrary, on this subject I feel particularly wide-awake—almost as much so as Julia," and her little ladyship put her hand laughingly through her husband's arm. "You have an heir, although"—and here sweet-faced Lady Temple sighed—"no son. Have you really seen nothing? Do you really not know that Miss Slingsby proposes to herself to share that heirship?"

Staid elderly Sir John actually whistled like a school-boy—a whistle expressive of surprise and dismay.

"Ah, you are not much more enamoured with the idea than I."

"I agree with you she is not the woman I should have chosen; but what can we do? It is he who chooses."

"Nay, it is she. That is what I object to."

"But, my love, a man does not marry a girl unless he wants to."

"Doesn't he, my dear! If you were a woman you would know better. Is there really no such thing as flattering your sex into what you think you want—eh, Sir John? It is like tickling trout, my dear—very pleasant, I dare say, but you are caught, and then——"

"And then, if the woman is a good woman, she will make a good wife."

"Ah, but it isn't exactly the 'good women' I am talking about. In plain English, Sir John, though she is your ward, and the daughter of your poor old friend, Julia Slingsby is not half good enough for our Morton. She is ambitious, unscrupulous, and as for heart, she has none—not a shred. In short, she does not love him, and she shall not have him."

"Very good, but how do you propose preventing her?"

"Oh, I am not contemplating any very desperate measures. Julia shall have nothing to complain of. I shall merely try counter-attractions. She and Morton will both be here the end of the month. I must get some of my pet girls down for the vacation, and if that does not succeed,

and knowing—excuse me, my dear—the stupidity of your sex, I am not very hopeful—”

“Well, and what then?”

Lady Temple looked up into her husband's face with a wicked smile.

“Why, then you must take to racing, gambling; announce yourself a ruined man, with nothing to leave behind you but mortgaged acres and an empty title. I think that would settle affairs very effectually.”

“A very pretty plot, upon my life. I think I prefer the first suggestion. Let us have down the counter-charms, by all means. Who shall they be? Better have down half-a-dozen or so, and make it safer.”

“I have arranged all that. I intend having a houseful. Everyone is leaving London now, and ready for fresh air and the country. We can find plenty of amusement—boating, tennis, picnics. All we want is fine weather. And now, if you will be off—I see your horse outside—I will get to my writing.”

#### CHAPTER II. DOUBTFUL.

SIR JOHN and Lady Temple, of Temple Court, were no longer young. But at sixty a man should be hale and hearty still, and fit for saddle or stubble for many a day to come. And sturdy blue-eyed Sir John was all this. At fifty what should a woman be? I cannot say. I only know that Lady Temple was active and light-hearted as many a girl in her twenties. She was a little creature, barely reaching to big Sir John's broad shoulders, and ruled him with a fairy rod of love and witchery yet. Her soft brown hair was silvering fast, and gave a strange tender grace to a face that bore its look still of youthful *espèglerie*.

Morton Temple, Sir John's heir and orphan nephew, was almost, although not all, that a son of their own could have been to the warm-hearted baronet and his wife; so their anxiety in so important a matter as that under discussion is not to be wondered at, and my lady's little plots and plans in the young man's behalf may, I think, be excused.

The Court, of course, was Morton Temple's home; but as he held an appointment under government supposed to entail a daily attendance in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, the greater part of his time was naturally spent in town.

However, as a couple of hours' run by rail would take him to the Court, many a summer day's close found him there.

Julia Slingsby had now been a ward of Sir John's for nearly twelve months, but she formed no part of the Court household. She and her invalid mother occupied a small house in a semi-fashionable London square; and the fair Julia when oppressed by heat or ennui was also often to be found flying Temple Courtwards in quest of fresh air and—she would scarcely have troubled herself to conceal it, so why should I?—Morton Temple.

The end of the month had arrived, and Lady Temple had gathered her guests around her. All bade fair for the carrying out of her little ladyship's programme. The weather left nothing even for a Briton to grumble at. Days of unclouded sunshine succeeded one another, and if showers fell they selected the hours of early morning to do so, and the world woke cool and refreshed as though new-born.

On the terraces and among the flower-beds below, girlish forms in dainty summer costumes flitted, followed, at no great distance, you may be sure, by light and loosely-clad figures of the other sex.

Lady Temple, in company with a matronly companion or two, looked on in smiling satisfaction. Her young people were having a “good time” of it, and her little ladyship was happy. There was the crumpled rose-leaf, it is true, and it was a very crumpled one indeed, not a bit smoothed out as yet; but her ladyship was of a sunny-hearted nature, and tried to be hopeful and content—tried, but it must be confessed at times found it beyond her. “Morton's stupidity,” she would confide to Sir John, “being something too incredible.”

No, affairs were not altogether promising. The counter-charms were all there—dark, fair, quiet, dashing, but they might almost as well have been elsewhere. Almost, and there lay Lady Temple's one ray of hope, and she made the most of it. There was one exception—one fair and quiet presence there, whom, as her ladyship soon discovered, Morton Temple, spite his “stupidity,” could not quite ignore or forsake, even at the bidding of his Julia.

Mary Holme was only the rector's daughter, and no fitter mate in a worldly point of view for the heir of Temple Court than Julia Slingsby. Indeed, there Julia had rather the advantage, for whereas Mary was penniless, she was possessed of a certain if modest income of her own.



But had the hundreds been thousands they would have influenced her ladyship not one whit.

Mary Holme had always been a favourite at the Court. She and Morton Temple had played together as children, and together roamed the woods and fished the river later on.

Fair and quiet, with all her heart long since given to her old companion, the rector's pretty daughter was, in fact, a far more dangerous rival than the dark dashing Julia would have condescended to believe, or her anxious ladyship have dared to permit herself to hope.

But the days were slipping by. Tennis, boating, picnics, all had their turn, and still the success of my lady's scheme remained as doubtful as ever.

Among the guests was one James Treton, a heavy, foolish-looking young man, with certainly—as the phrase goes—more money than brains. But the lad—for he was but little more, having but the other day come of age, and into his some thousands per annum—was good-hearted and generous-minded enough to have made himself many friends.

Poor James had lost his too susceptible heart the very first night of his arrival, and from that moment there was nothing to be done with him.

Need I say Miss Slingsby was the enslaver? She, on her part, did not certainly refuse his worship. Julia was a young woman too wise in her generation for anything so foolish, but she led him a sad life of it for all that. She smiled on and made much of him when it suited her to do so. She ignored his very existence when that chanced to be more convenient. And all the time the poor foolish fellow was her slave—hers to make use of, to fetch, to carry, to be smiled or frowned on as she saw fit.

Of course Lady Temple saw all that was going on, as who could help doing? Indeed, the faithful James—as the girls had come to call him—would go to her ladyship with his troubles. She was all kindness to him, and, you may be sure, would have helped him if she could.

"He is a world too good for her," Lady Temple confided to her husband; "but then he will never find it out, and that is everything."

No doubt there were other little flirtations, and even it may be courtships going on, but there were other and lawful authorities at hand, if need be, so with

these her ladyship did not trouble herself. It seemed to her as the days went on, and Morton Temple fluttered from Julia Slingsby to his old friend and companion, and James Treton clung pertinaciously to his Chloe's skirts, that she had had something too much of that sort of thing as it was. "Never again," Lady Temple told herself. "No, if this fails they may go their own way. Morton may make himself miserable for life if he will, and poor Mary must break her heart; I cannot help it."

#### CHAPTER III. MR. HINCKES'S "PORK-MANKEL."

It was the last day but two for the Court guests. The gentlemen were all off to a cricket-match some ten miles away.

I dare say more than one of them would have as soon remained behind. But Sir John himself was to drive them over in the break, so they could not very well get out of it.

The girls had got a little picnic of their own down by the river. Luncheon had been sent to meet them at a chosen spot some mile and a half from the house, and they were to wait on themselves. This they had managed to do very satisfactorily. They had made a goodly onslaught on all the dainties provided, and were now resting in happy laziness after their labours.

"Well, I think we have done very well without the gentlemen, and so I shall tell them," said little Kate Dolby, stretching herself in the sun like a luxurious kitten.

"And of course they will believe you, my dear," said Julia Slingsby. "For me, now, I shall tell their serene mightinesses that it has been unbearable—the abomination of desolation, and that I all but drowned myself."

"They will never believe that," laughed Kate.

"Won't they, Miss Innocence? That and more. Wait and see."

"Well, I am sure both Morton Temple and James Treton would rather have been here than at that stupid cricket," said Nellie Dolby, Kate's elder sister.

"I think we can very well spare the 'faithful James,'" said Julia. "For Morton Temple, what do you say, Mary?"

"I say," answered Mary, laughing, "that I have to spare him so much as it is, that, so far as I am personally concerned, perhaps he may as well be where he is."

Julia laughed too. The admission was



flattering to her vanity. Besides, little as it was in her nature to care for one of her own sex, Mary Holme had contrived to win from her a spark of something very near akin to affection.

A pretty flush had come to Mary's cheek.

"Why, Mary," Julia cried, "I do believe you care for him!"

"Perhaps I do."

"Why, she has known and loved him ever since she cut her first tooth. Haven't you, Mary?"

And Kate Dolby, who was Mary's champion and adorer, and at whose feet she lay stretched, gave her friend's toes an affectionate squeeze.

"I am sure you really don't care for him. Confess it, Julia," said Nellie.

"Why can't you let him go, and be satisfied with your James?" growled Kate.

"My James! I am sure you are all of you welcome to him."

"But you don't care for Morton Temple either," cried half-a-dozen voices.

"I care very much for Temple Court."

"Oh, I dare say James Treton's place is just as fine," said Nellie.

"It's bigger," cried Kate, starting into a sitting position. "He told me so. He said it's like a great barrack, without the company in it. Oh, do take it, Julia. We'll all come and fill it—we will indeed."

Julia laughed good-naturedly.

"I am sure it's very kind of you, Kate, and if ever I inhabit the barrack I shall be glad to see you all—thankful, no doubt. But you see, if I married James Treton, I could never be Lady Temple. Besides—I fear there's no doubt about it—the faithful James's grandpapa sold cheese!"

"But his grandfather is dead, and his cheese all eaten long enough ago," said Kate.

"I can't help it. I should never see a mouse-trap even without thinking of him."

"But if you couldn't be Lady Temple and mistress of the Court, you would overlook the cheese and be reconciled to the mouse-traps—eh?" enquired Kate.

"Possibly. I might do worse. There's plenty of money, and, as for James, I could twist him round my fingers."

"But that is just the sort of husband I shouldn't care for," said Mary.

"Ah! you would prefer being twisted; I shouldn't."

"Well, all I know is," said Kate Dolby,

rising, "I wish you would take your James—and twist him."

"And make Mary a present of Morton! No, my dear, I am afraid I can't afford to be so generous."

"He isn't yours yet," cried Kate, flashing up.

"Come," said Mary, "we are talking great nonsense, and if we want any tea it is time to be starting."

Up at the house meanwhile Lady Temple and her more sober guests were indulging in their share of gossip over their cup of afternoon-tea.

It was just as Mary Holme and her companions were nearing the house on their return from the river-side, that a great peal came at the hall-bell, followed, after some moments' delay, by the re-appearance of the grey-headed butler in the tea-room with a card, which he presented to her ladyship with a somewhat doubtful air.

"Josiah P. Hinckes." There was no doubt about the name. The characters were of such dimensions that short-sighted Lady Temple could read them as the card lay before her.

"Must see Sir John," he says, "my lady. Perticklar business, so I have had him showed to Sir John's office to wait."

"A gentleman, Bowers?"

"Well, I should say not exactly, my lady. Not what we are accustomed to, that is, your ladyship."

And Mr. Bowers, who was an old and confidential retainer, looked round with a gaze of such awful solemnity and importance, that little Kate Dolby, who was just entering, and upon whom it fell, cried:

"Good gracious, Bowers, is any one dead?"

Bowers condescended to smile. Kate was an old favourite, and might take liberties.

"A gentleman—leastways an individooal, miss, to see Sir John."

Kate had seized the card.

"Josiah P. Hinckes! Why, the individooal is a—must be a Yankee, Bowers. Hasn't he got an eagle or the star-spangled banner with him—eh, Bowers?"

"He have got nothing but a very small pork mankel, miss, and an 'ook nose, through which he certainly do speak most remarkable."

"Ah!" cried Kate delightedly; "I know the gentleman. Patent sausage-machine inventor, log of wood in at one end, best pork-sausages out at the other;

hatch-your-own-eggs machine, eggs in at one end, fowl ready trussed for dinner at the other. They are all in the small pork-mankel. Do let us see him, Lady Temple."

"Don't be so absurd, Kate," said her ladyship. "Bowers, there is Sir John."

Bowers hurried from the room, and then the gentlemen entering (minus their host) there ensued such a Babel of voices that I shall not attempt to transcribe anything that was said.

When, half an hour later, a message was brought by Bowers from Sir John, begging my lady to go to him in his office, her absence was for a time altogether unnoticed—that is, by the young people.

#### CHAPTER IV. AFTER ALL

WHEN Lady Temple answered her husband's summons, she found him pacing the small room set apart for his business transactions, with a perplexed look on his kindly face, and with an excitement of manner strangely at variance with his usual quiet air of happy self-possession. She turned from Sir John to his companion, but there saw nothing to alarm her; only a cool-looking dried-up lath of a man, who greeted her with a little nod-like bow, but did not open his lips.

Perhaps there are few homes to which bad news can scarcely come, but Temple Court was one of these. There were no daughters to elope or make bad matches, no sons to bring disaster or dishonour, equally there were none for death to touch. So although there might be a tinge of anxiety, there was no real alarm in Lady Temple's tone as she enquired of her husband what had happened.

Sir John stopped in his walk and passed his hand across his brow as if to clear away some trouble there.

"Something very strange, my dear, so strange that I seem scarcely to know if I have really heard it or have only gone to sleep and dreamt it."

"You air wide-awake, Sir John Temple. There ain't no dreaming about this. Perhaps her ladyship would like to see the papers, though they air only copies. The originals can be seen at my place over in Ottawa any day you like to come over and ask for 'em, Sir John, and that is what he had better do at once, ma'am."

"What does he mean? What is it all about? Tell me, John."

"Sit down, my love," and Sir John Temple drew up a chair for his wife, and

took one close beside her so that he could put one of his big brown hands on her small white ones as he talked. "You see, my dear, we have always looked upon Morton as the one to come after me here when I am gone, and now from what this gentleman tells me—and I see no reason to doubt his statements—that can never be. It is a shock, my dear, for both of us, and for poor Morton. How shall I tell him?"

"Tell him what, my dear? Nay, Mr. Hinckes will tell me—what is it that has happened, Mr. Hinckes?"

"Well, you see, my lady, we have got what you call 'the rightful heir' over yonder, my own nephew and Sir John's here."

"It's just this, my love," put in Sir John, who had recovered his composure. "My poor brother Robert, our scapegrace, you know, whom we all believed to have been lost on his way to America years ago, was not lost at all, it seems, but saved to live for many years. He has only lately died, in fact."

"April the 13th, at twenty minutes after nine p.m.," said Mr. Hinckes.

"He had married Mr. Hinckes's sister, who died——"

"September the 4th, 1877," again interrupted Mr. Hinckes.

"And leaves behind a son, my nephew, and consequently my heir; Robert, as you know, coming before Morton's father."

Lady Temple's tears were falling fast.

"Poor Morton! it is hard—cruelly hard. He has so loved the place! There is not a tree—nay, not a blade of grass that is not dear to him!"

"It is, it is; Heaven knows I feel it. Well, well, we can only do our best for him under the changed circumstances, and try," said Sir John with a gulp, "to love my nephew—my heir."

Mr. Hinckes rose.

"Waal now, Sir John, I'll leave you and your lady to talk it over. There's the bag with the documents, etc. You jest look 'em over before I come agen to-morrow. I'm sorry for you, Sir John Temple. You, too, my lady; also for the young man. 'Tain't pleasant to think a place like this is a-goin' to be yours, and then all of a sudden find it's a-goin' to be somebody else's. It chaws a man up naterally. I'm mortal sorry, but right's right, as I know you feel yourself, Sir John;" and Mr. Hinckes held out his hand in farewell.

"You will take some dinner, Mr. Hinckes?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am; the Temple Arms, where I am at present located, is more in my way than Temple Court, so, eff yew'll excuse me, I'll say adoo."

Long after Mr. Hinckes had taken his departure, Sir John and Lady Temple sat hand in hand in the little room silent and sorrowful.

The dressing and dinner gongs sounded, but they did not stir.

A little note was sent into the drawing-room to one of Lady Temple's matron guests, who forthwith ordered dinner to be served. In the dining-room at first a strange silence reigned. All knew something had happened, but what?

Morton Temple filled his uncle's place at the foot of the long table. One of the elder ladies, the same who had received the note, faced him from Lady Temple's seat.

Bowers assisted with the face of a sphinx. He, of course, knew nothing, but his whole air and bearing conveyed the belief that he knew all.

After dinner, which became a little brighter as it proceeded, Morton Temple was summoned to Sir John's room, and the other guests saw no more of him for the evening. Naturally these others were all excitement. They scattered themselves on the terraces, they strolled down by the river—their talk, of course, the mystery of the evening. The "faithful James" was the only one who really did not care in the least what it was all about—what had happened, or what was going to happen. And yet if he had only known, there was no one whom it more concerned. He had got his Julia to himself, and he was content.

His Julia was more than gracious. Her keen wit had divined a something very near—she knew not how near—the truth.

"Sir Roger has come home," she said to Mary Holme, "and Sir John must turn out."

"Poor Sir John! how can you even imagine anything so terrible?"

"You will see I am right, and, Mary."

"Yes," said Mary.

"Morton Temple will be a poor nobody all his life."

"What then?" said Mary fiercely.

"Why then, my dear, in that case I shall ignore the cheese, and reconcile myself to the mouse-traps."

That night, before she slept, Mary Holme knew all. Lady Temple came to her room and the two talked until daybreak.

The next morning after Mr. Hinckes's promised visit the whole house knew who he was and what he wanted.

Nothing could be considered final until Sir John's return from America, but as the dismayed baronet told his guests, he saw no reason to suspect the truth of Mr. Hinckes' statements.

Morton Temple looked crushed and worn, and it seemed about the best thing that could happen to him that he should get leave from his office and accompany his uncle.

Mary Holme was to remain with Lady Temple during their absence. Her poor little ladyship was heart-broken. There would be no more need to plot and plan. Poor Morton Temple was safe from the wiles of Julia Slingsby for ever.

The fair Julia, attended by the "faithful James," left for London before the day was over, and by the evening of the next day the great house was empty of its guests.

But Morton Temple had a few last words with Sir John's ward before her somewhat hurried departure. He knew where she was likely to be found, and made his way to the hot-houses and conservatories beyond the flower-garden.

As he entered the orchid-house, Julia, who having seen Ross, the head-gardener, safely out of the way, was laying a devastating hand on all around, turned her head with a start.

"Ah, you thought it was the retributive Ross," said Morton, advancing.

"I may have some?" said Julia in a tone of innocent enquiry.

"Oh, they are none of mine, and never will be," Morton answered a little bitterly. "But I need not tell you that. You know that I am ousted, a mere nobody—eh, Miss Slingsby?"

"I know that you are possibly no longer heir to Temple Court," said Julia, still calmly snipping.

"And have you nothing to say to me, no word of sympathy or encouragement in my changed prospects?"

Poor Morton! he felt that a word of kindness from this cold calm beauty would have reconciled him to it all.

"Of course I am sorry, if that is what you mean. I should be sorry enough if it was myself, I know."

"You couldn't live then without wealth and position?"

"I wouldn't try to."

"But if it was the man you loved who had lost it all?"

"Love is so intangible," laughed Julia. "I don't believe in it; do you?"

"No," said Morton; "for the future I intend only to believe in rank and riches—and heartlessness."

"And very wise of you too."

Poor Morton! he could not cast out all faith in the woman who had enslaved him even now. He came nearer to where she stood and looked at the dark handsome face with wistful eyes.

"I shall not be such a very poor man, Julia, and I can work harder and save."

"Look, there is Mary," said Julia, moving from his side.

And Mary entered with kind pitying eyes, for she had seen enough, and a message to Morton from my lady.

Some six years have passed since that eventful afternoon when Mr. Hinckes and his "pork-mankel" made their appearance at Temple Court. The dried-up little man proved to be no adventurer. Sir John and Morton Temple returned with him to America, and found all as he had stated. The old baronet came home, sad but resigned, bringing his young nephew with him. But the lad's visit was only a short one. He never took kindly to his new home or his new relatives. Sir John at once settled on him a generous allowance, and continues it still. But the young man is following in his father's footsteps. He is a spendthrift and a scapegrace, added to which he has his mother's disease—consumption—and, I believe, has no more chance of living to be owner of Temple Court than you or I; nor, as he has, happily, an invincible horror of matrimony, is he likely to have an heir who can ever reign there.

Morton Temple and Mary Holme have been man and wife now for the last four years. They have a charming little villa on the banks of the Thames, but are oftener at Temple Court, where a sturdy three-year-old, known as Jack, and a little roly-poly Molly, a year his junior, contrive to keep the old place alive. Not but that Sir John and my lady have plenty of life in them yet, and can indulge in a baby-romp with the best.

Julia Slingsby has been Julia Treton for longer still. Once having decided upon her line of action, she did not leave the faithful James to pine. They inhabit the big barrack, and though they have no

children, contrive to keep it pretty full with guests, and if wife and home are not quite all that James Treton looked for, he wisely keeps it to himself.

## IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

### VI.

WHEN the band-van, which is called in the Highlands a coach, had started on its way to the Trossachs, there began a driving shower that hid the hills from sight, and set everybody waterproof-donning and umbrella-hoisting; that is to say, one-half of the coach set up their gingham-tents, while the other half silently or loudly execrated these selfish and inhuman contrivances. Naturally the umbrella-holders are mostly women, and reckless of consequences, as women usually are, distilling streams of rain-water on their fellow-travellers—one stream down your neck, another into your boots, while a dozen different runlets from undiscovered sources are making up a general soak. Happily the shower is over in a minute. The sun is shining once more—Nature rejoices, and humanity also—holding out the soaked umbrellas to drip harmlessly upon the cool glistening roads, while a soft vapour rises from the wet fields, from the wet umbrellas, and 'the horses' steaming flanks. We are soon among the hills; first grassy knolls, where the dun cattle are gathered in groups, their wild heads and branching horns showing finely against the sky; and then bare and gloomy crags, with savage-looking lochs stretching before us, and the bold cliffs of huge Benvenue.

"Yon's Sawmson's putten-stone," says the scarlet-coated driver, pointing with his whip to a big boulder on the hill-side. "His pudden!" cries his neighbour, a fat and merry dame from the land of Cocagne. "Did he boil his pudden till it was that hard?" "I'm no saying a pooden, but a putten-stone. Maybe ye never heerd of the game the lads play ca'd putten the stone?" says the driver with a compassionate air of superior knowledge. "Aye, they say that Sawmson threw yon stone from the top o' yonder hill; but I verra' much doot if ever Sawmson were here." It is a wild and desolate region where anything might have happened in days gone by—a fit play-ground for giants and cunning dwarfs. In the mossy peaty pastures by the level of the lake roam herds of half-wild cattle, and a band of Highland caterans driving home



the cattle they have lifted, would be appropriate figures in the scene. Instead, we have a band of English women equipped with bags and umbrellas marching undauntedly through the waste, heedless of moss, morass, or treacherous watercourse.

"But yonder," cries the coachman, pointing again with his whip, this time towards the lower ground where the river flows from the lake with signs of Glasgow water-work-arrangement close by—"yonder's where Rhoderick Dhu fit the Sawxon." No scepticism in his tones now; he evidently believes in Roderick much more than in Samson. "Then that's Coillangleford, I guess?" ejaculates a young woman in the back seats. "Indeed it is, miss," replies the driver, and adds in a whisper: "Those American young leddies know more about the country than we do."

Somewhere about here is a point of the road where the horses run into the bank, and stop suddenly, quite of their own notion. The driver interprets this action by looking over his shoulder. "Perhaps the gentlemen would like to walk up the hill?"

For my own part I prefer to walk down the hills and be pulled up them, but I fancy the horses would jib if one declined to alight, and I know that Jennie would gibe at me. So away we go in straggling procession after the car like a Welsh funeral. "We'll get sweltering hot before we top the hill," sighs Uncle Jock, "and then we'll get a rattling shower to cool us." But the rain keeps off, and from the top of the hill the horses fly along as if they smelt their stables, and presently the coachman points again with his whip to where the hills close in upon a tumbled scene of wood and rock: "Yonder's the Trossachs."

"Where the rude Trossachs' dread defile  
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle."

That American young woman, as yet only a voice to us, is always ready with an appropriate bit of Scott. And now from a chill and barren region we plunge into a pass full of grateful shadows, among pleasant birken groves, the birch here attaining a size and luxuriance of foliage quite remarkable. And with the light graceful forms of the birks and the soft pleasing shadows they cast, with the deeper green and softer gloom of the mountain-ash, while oak and hazel veil the harsher forms of the rocks, with the dash and murmur of waters, the half-revealed recesses of ravine and mountain gorge; with all these charms, heightened

as they are by reputation and indefinite expectation of something more charming still, it is impossible to make light of the Trossachs, although one feels that in one way or another this charming pass has been made the most of.

"But when the bridge of Turk was won," our American young lady is again busy with her Scott. The steep and narrow bridge, with the torrent below, brown and foam-white in its setting of luxuriant verdure, and the cool delicate shade that pervaded the whole scene—yes, at the bridge of Turk there was a general consciousness of satisfaction.

And then, just when the pass seems to come to an inevitable finish, the rocks meeting and barring the passage so that you would think hardly even a goat could scramble any further—at this particular point appears the funnel of a steamer, and there opens out a sort of natural dock—a creek of clear crystal water, with a little steamer floating therein, and half-a-dozen boats, like a mother duck and her brood on some mountain burn. And jutting out over the water a pretty rustic pier, an arbour-like corridor, thatched with heather.

"A rural portico was seen  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
And withered heath and rushes dry,  
Supplied a russet canopy."

Again our American chorus, now fairly to be recognised as an elegant but rather emaciated young woman, with her father, who is also tall, and lean, and fallow. Then she marched up to the extreme bows of the boat, and gazed abstractedly forth. "I guess that's the silver sand where Ellen paddled in her canoe," she said to her father, who shook his head knowingly as if he felt that it must be so.

But hardly are we fairly afloat when a drenching shower comes down, and distant objects disappear, the lake frothing up to meet the shower, and the blurred outlines of promontory, creek, and bay are hardly to be distinguished.

"How thankful we ought to be," cried Mrs. Gillies, "that it did not come on like this when we were on the coach." "There's time enough for that," grumbled Uncle Jock; "we'll have it on the coach as well presently."

And so the deck is almost clear of passengers, who are sheltering in the cabin, but Mary Grant is still braving the storm, with her brother, and the fair American, who is straining her eyes to search out Ellen's Isle. Young Archie pretends to know all about it, and so ingratiates him-



self with the American girl, who is still more interested in him when she finds that he is a real Highlander, and entitled to have his say about the country. "But I guess you don't wear your native garb ever, say?" she sweetly asks. "Oh yes, I do," says Grant, "when I'm on my native heather, but not in general society."

Presently the rain ceases, and a glimmer of soft light steals across, and then woods and hills seem to shake themselves free of the downpour and shyly reveal themselves, while

Katrine in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true.

Perhaps the great charm of Loch Katrine is the deep beautiful blue of her waters. Then there is the seclusion of the lake, the perpetual calm that rests upon it, broken only by the fussy noisy steamer, and the never-ending file of tourists. And except for these, never was the solitude so intense as to-day. Fitzjames might sound his bugle-horn, but would only hear the echo for his pains. Clan Alpin's warriors, where are they? The fiery cross would find no clansman to carry it. Clan Alpin, indeed, owes its existence to the imagination of Scott, but if there is any *vraisemblance* in his picture of those times, when

Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
Muster'd its little horde of men,

there has surely been a great progress towards depopulation since then.

Towards the head of the lake the hills assume a wilder and more savage aspect, with torrents foaming down their sides, a fine chocolate-cream colour from the effect of the downpour we have just undergone; and there, in a sheltered nook, is the inevitable hotel, its little knot of loiterers in the porch, its waiters on the look-out for fresh arrivals, while the departing guests are gathered about their piles of baggage.

At the hotel other coaches of the music-van order are waiting for us, and there is a general scramble for seats, with the happy result of a fresh shuffle of the whole pack of tourists. This time I find myself next to Mary Grant and her brother. Our coachmen are ominously shrouded in long waterproofs, for a fresh downpour seems imminent. If only the seats could be arranged so that passengers might creep under them during heavy showers! Presently down comes the rain, and up go the umbrellas. Happy the man who sits by Mary Grant, who does not carry an umbrella and who wears a tweed-covered hat that defies the weather. Her eager eyescan and question all that the world about her

has to show—the two grave dominies opposite, who may be put down as professors of theology; the wild and rugged scenery, the roadside beauty of heather just starting into bloom, and innumerable wildflowers that are making the most of the short Highland summer; the lambs that skip on the hillside, the ruined shealing up the glen. "I am only to have two days of it, you know," she says half-apologetically for her eager enjoyment of it all; "two days' holiday from the Glasgow chimneys."

Hereabouts they say is Rob Roy's cottage, and any of these melancholy-looking skeletons of stone huts may stand for the one in question. A wedded pair sit next the dominies, and Jack is just as anxious to see and make out everything despite the rain and his wife's umbrella, as she is careless and indifferent. If only he would not scold she would be completely satisfied to sit with her eyes fixed upon nothing particular, and let even that glide by unnoticed. Jack reads from the guide-book: "'On the left, at the foot of a rugged hill'—only there are so many rugged hills, each of which boasts one foot at all events, if not more!—'is the cottage of Helen Macgregor, the wife of Rob Roy.' There look, Jane, but don't hold your umbrella so that all the wet runs into that gentleman's ear. Look about you, Jane; all this is history."

The shower flies off as we reach the top of the hill, and the horses are springing along the plateau that divides the slopes of Katrine from those of Lomond. And now the scenery is really grand, a hollow enclosed by huge mountains, a sharp flying shower like a veil between us and the sunshine on a distant glen. As the road descends it becomes steep as the roof of a house, and as we are pulled up to screw on the hind break, a gentle shiver runs through the passengers. We are descending to Inversnaid, to the original country of Rob Roy, and Loch Lomond is below shining like a jewel among the dark mountains, and if anything should give way, as we round one of those sharp corners, we might bump from crag to crag and presently splash into the lake below. But nothing does give way, and we presently arrive safely on a level platform above the lake, where there is another hotel, more waiters looking out for arriving guests, with an inviting-looking luncheon ready spread for their entertainment.

Just above is a pretty waterfall, with a pleasant winding path leading up, and a

rustic bridge over the torrent, and all well-shaded by trees, with ferns and wildflowers flourishing luxuriantly in every nook. There is nearly an hour to wait for the steamer, which is coming down from the head of the loch, for Inversnaid stands some way down towards the outlet. And Uncle Jock is disturbed in his mind as to the arrangements for our mid-day meal, whether to take it now at the inn or to wait until we get on board the steamer. The latter course perhaps is the pleasanter, but then shall we not miss a lot of the scenery? "I will look out for you, uncle, and tell you all about it, for I don't want to miss the least little bit, and I can eat when I get back to Glasgow," says Mary Grant with a sigh over the getting back. Uncle Jock contemplates the young woman with affectionate eyes. He has certainly travelled with much more enjoyment since Mary Grant has been of the party. Jennie is very nice, but then she is a good deal engrossed by herself and her own feelings, while Mary is always at hand when anybody wants anything, finds out all the places for Uncle Jock, and quite coaches him up in the necessary emotions. Now as far as his little scheme is concerned, it is not likely to come to anything. Jennie and Archie Grant have been very friendly, but that is all, and the young man is evidently more taken by the animated American girl, who is all soul and spirit, than by his cousin, who is perhaps of a type more familiar to him.

"I'm thinking, lassie," says Uncle Jock, after a pause of meditation, "I'd like to take you with us to the Heelands. The real Heeland Heelands, I mean. As for these bit slops of fresh-water lakes, they're well eneff." "They are real fine," cried Mary enthusiastically, "only there are not enough of them. To think that to-night we will be sleeping among the chimneys!" "Aye, for to-night," replied Uncle Jock with emphasis; "but what do ye say to starting with us the morn, all among the lochs and islands, lassie—the land of Lorn and the blue hills of Ardnamurchan?" "Oh, that would be fine!" cried Mary, her eyes opening wide with pleasure. "But no," she continued, the light vanishing from her face; "I canna be spared. Poor Archie wants me most." "That for poor Archie!" cried Uncle Jock, snapping his fingers, his purpose strengthened by difficulty. "Here, Archie lad; come down here."

We were standing by the margin of the

lake, below the pretty little pier, and the grassy knoll where ladies are sitting at work, with children at play about them, where boats are drawn up, and where the waterfall tumbles in—the spot where, perhaps, Wordsworth stood and which he thus described:

And these grey rocks, this household lawn,  
These trees a veil just half withdrawn,  
This fall of water that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake.

Not that the lake is altogether silent, but tumbles in tiny ripples at our feet with a pleasant whispering murmur among the stones; and there stretches Loch Lomond far into the hazy distance—a little severe, perhaps, and with no great warmth of colour or soft and winning graces, but fair and cold, and faithful to the stern mountain that owns her as lord, the rugged Ben whose bluff heights are shrouded now in mist.

"Come down here, Archie," shouts Uncle Jock to the young Scot, who is talking to his American fair one on the grassy knoll above-mentioned; and Archie descends a little reluctantly. "I'm going to take Mary away from you for a fortnight or so," says Jock, taking him by the arm, and the graceless youth is positively pleased at the prospect. "You see," explains the youth, "it happens rather luckily, for I have half promised the Vanderpumps"—these are his new American friends, no doubt—"to take them round Melrose and Walter Scott's country." I rather demur to the expression. All Scotland is Walter Scott's country, and as for Abbotsford—but then, I am not going to Abbotsford. And poor Mary, although vastly pleased to have her liberty, is, perhaps, a little vexed that it is granted so readily. There is always something bitter in the cup, and so it is with the rest of the party. Jennie and she have shared the same room; they kiss and twine arms about each other, and Jennie professes to be delighted that she is to see so much more of her cousin, but still I detect upon her face, that I am accustomed to read pretty correctly, a certain tacit disapproval; and the placable Mrs. Gillies is not too well pleased, either. Evidently she does not care to share Uncle Jock with his sister's children.

But soon the steamer comes up and carries us all off, and Uncle Jock and I are presently congratulating ourselves on our self-denial in resisting the charms of the cold luncheon, for a very good dinner is served on board the steamer, and the

windows of the saloon command a full view of the lake and its scenery, and there is nothing pleasanter than eating in the middle of such surroundings. The others, who lunched at the hotel, regard us with some contempt when we make our appearance on deck. We have missed such a glen and such a pass, but what care we? We are prepared to enjoy what is left of the scenery with a calm and benignant satisfaction; and we smoke our pipes with the relish of those who are beyond the storms of fate for the rest of the day.

And there is Tarbert Point, with quite a row of coaches ready to take people to Loch Long and Loch Fyne; and quite a crowd of people on the pier, some coming with us, others only come to have a look at us—people who have the air of being settled in the place, and rather scornful of mere tourists. And then we cross over to another pier, where there is an artist sitting under a white umbrella, at which Jennie gives a start; but it is not Ronald, poor fellow! but an elderly man with a great spread of canvas, who is working away at Ben Lomond—Ben, who sits there with his head in the mist, as if too shy or too sulky to want his portrait taken. All is breezy and fresh, with pleasant islands dotting the lake, and in the steamer's wake a constant flight of sea-birds on the eager watch for anything that may be flung overboard. These birds follow the steamers up and down the lake, and seem to have quite lost their wild free manners and to have settled down as regular loafers and hangers-on of the tourist tribes. They are mostly small black-headed gulls, but a few of the big grey gulls are among them, and these dart and dive for all the scraps that are thrown out with much smaller success than their sharper and less dignified companions.

Soon there are signs that we are getting towards the end of the voyage. Tickets are collected, and people begin to look up their baggage, and exchange their easy-going head-dresses for more conventional shapes. The scenery, too, has grown tame, and the foot of the loch, though rich and fertile-looking, has nothing very interesting about it. And we are soon disembarked and scattered in a long train of nearly empty carriages—a train whose length and get-up reminds us that we are approaching the busy haunts of men. And so, with glimpses of the Clyde here and there, seen brimming full from the level of green fields, with ocean steamers and tall-masted ships curiously mixed up with trees

and pastures, the sky presently darkens and the roadside stations become crowded, while the train fills up with work-people and commercial travellers, and there is a whirl of canals, girders, masts, funnels, and innumerable chimneys. We glide into the terminus, and are thrown upon the hospitality of the good city of Saint Mungo.

The Gillies are going to stay with Archie Grant for this one night in Glasgow, and the young Scot hospitably extends his invitation to me. But I prefer the freedom of an hotel; and, indeed, an occasional parting keeps people from getting tired of each other. Pleasant, too, it is to get rid of your identity in the crowd of a big city, and it will be like making a fresh start, and a very pleasant one, from all this traffic and turmoil—to leave it all behind and seek the Hebridean Isles. And one recognises with a quite pleased thankfulness that there is nothing particular to see at Glasgow—nothing that one can see in a single night, that is—and that after a hasty glance at the cathedral it will be permitted to sleep the sleep that will know a very early waking.

In cities generally, the cathedral is the central point in the middle of all the life and activity of the place, but this is not the case with Glasgow. The city has slipped away from the cathedral, which stands in a forlorn and neglected part, bare and desolate in its surroundings, but showing a grim kind of grandeur, with its severe outlines and fine central tower and spire. About it is a vast graveyard, in the south-west corner of which is the public entrance, among some quaint seventeenth-century tombs, with a lodge, about the doorway of which sundry beadles in laced hats and uniforms are standing. There is a twopenny fee to pay here, and the beadle who takes the money reminds me that time is short, as the cathedral closes at six, and it is already close upon that hour. Outside, the evening is rather dull and gloomy, but within, the clerestory windows are glowing in a solemn kind of glory, and column, arch, and shaft are lit up with a warm mellow radiance. There is a simple grandeur about the place which is highly impressive; and presently I find my way down to the crypt, one of the finest extant, sombre and full of gloom, the dying light of day hardly penetrating as I thread my way cautiously among the massive piers, conscious of tombs and monuments all about, that mark the dust of almost forgotten generations. Here are steps that can only be felt for,

and I grope about in momentary dread of a tumble. Fancy pictures the result of such a fall, out of the reach of help, a long night of pain, perhaps, among the tombs. Even now I think I hear the massive gates of the crypt clang to. But no, I am in time, the golden-banded beadle is waiting in the upper world, waiting to lock up and leave the old pile to the seclusion of night.

It is pleasant to get into the living world again, and the busy streets—streets now crowded with a rough and ready throng, oil-scented from the factory, or with the brawny arms of ironworkers, uncouth, unkempt, but not uncivil. And so wandering among the crowds to the Broomielaw, the public quay, where the red funnels of steamers are clustered; not handsome by any means, but business-like, with odd nondescript shops fronting the river, liquor-shops, money-changers', outfitters', and such as are likely to strike the fancy and suit the needs of migrants, outwards and inwards, and wild Irish, quarrelsome and abusive with each other, but tolerably submissive to the tall strong-armed policeman, whose manners are not too mild even for the company he is among. But from the bridge a fine view down the long vista of ships and steamers, with a fine dying light in the west, a glowing haze that we may fancy envelopes the portals of the promised land beyond.

There is something about the hotel tonight that seems to say that the denizens of the promised land have come to our house on a return visit. There are chairs in the outside portico, and long legs stretched out in various directions, to say nothing of boots of strange and wonderful make. And entering the smoke-room behold a row of rocking-chairs—smoke-room evidently prepared for promised land—a row of restlessly-swinging chairs festooned with limp and sallow men of rather a gipsy cast—gipsy with a difference, that is; if Meg Merrilies had mated in her youth with Dominie Sampson, the progeny resulting from the union might have resembled our friends from the promised land. The leading spirit of the party is pretty clearly a deacon. His appearance, his name—Ephraim—all go with that, but his brother, with a different arrangement of hair and beard, might very well pass for some desperado of the bowie and revolver class. Not that he is anything of the kind. They are all honourable men, engaged in lawful traffic—ready to trade, to swap, to buy or to sell—their brains well furnished with notions, and their pockets well lined with

dollars. There is something in the cattle line going on here shortly, and they are gathered like eagles to the prey—some just landed from the States, others who have been running round Europe, with an eye upon horseflesh, and any other flesh out of which money can be made.

Enters one from Switzerland who is received with curt clinks of the eye and jerks of the head, and who, throwing himself into a vacant rocker, enquires laconically of the last from "out to home."

"How's hogs?"

"Seven 'alf booming up'ards," is the equally laconic reply, while "All'us booming" is the general chorus. And satisfied on this point young Switzer gives his opinion freely on men and manners in northern Europe. He does not hold Germany in much account. "They've hardly a proper hog among them. And then the people are so boastful." They were telling him tales of how many thousand hogs a year were killed in Germany. "Why," said I, "we kill as many hogs a day in Chicago as you have in all Germany." At this, a general verdict of approval, and another traveller gives corroborative evidence of the boastful nature of Germans.

"They talk to me about a man, one of their princes, I guess, who grew his twenty thousand acres of corn. 'Why,' says I, 'I know a man, who ain't of much account among us, with his sixty thousand acres of corn, all inside one fence.' So they've no great account to brag, I guess."

Another general chorus of complete assent. And then the deacon, for the benefit of a few benighted Britishers who are present, gives us a few statistics as to hog-killing enterprise in Chicago, and illustrates the five cuts that kill, disembowel, and dismember a hog in the space of thirty seconds, while next instant a successor is presented to the gory knife.

"Oh, it's a beautiful sight," cries Ephraim enthusiastically; "there's nothing in the old country can come nigh it." An assertion backed up by the general chorus. And not in hogs alone, but horses too, and buggies, is the hopeless inferiority of the old country made manifest. But the deacon is a fair-dealing man. He allows that the Britishers can beat them on one point. "You beat us in berries." With a deprecatory wave of the hand towards his followers, who give a grudging assent. "Yes, in gooseberries; likewise in straw-berries."

And so, with patriotic feelings a little



soothed, to bed, with the warning notice ever present to the mind, even in the hours of sleep: The Columba sails at seven a.m. for Oban and the Western Highlands.

### THAT VETERAN.

"SERVED, sir? Yes, sir," said my tattered vis-à-vis, drawing himself up and touching his apology for a hat. "Crimea and Mutiny, sir."

"What arm?" I asked lazily.

"Royal Horse Artillery. Thank you, sir, I take it hot with sugar."

It was pleasant to meet anyone who could talk English among those barren Welsh mountains, and pleasanter still to find one who had anything to talk about. I had been toiling along for the last ten miles, vowing in my heart never to take a solitary walking-tour again, and above all never, under any circumstances, to cross the borders of the principality. My opinions of the original Celt, his manners, customs, and above all his language, were very much too forcible to be expressed in decent society. The ruling passion of my life seemed to have become a deep and all-absorbing hatred towards Jones, Davis, Morris, and every other branch of the great Cymric trunk. Now, however, sitting at my ease in the little inn at Langerod, with a tumbler of smoking punch at my elbow, and my pipe between my teeth, I was inclined to take a more rosy view of men and things. Perhaps it was this spirit of reconciliation which induced me to address the weather-beaten scarecrow in front of me, or perhaps it was that his resolute face and lean muscular figure attracted my curiosity.

"You don't seem much the better for it," I remarked.

"It's this, sir, it's this," he answered, touching his glass with the spoon. "I'd have had my seven shillings a day, as retired sergeant-major, if it wasn't for this. One after another I've forfeited them—my badges and my good service allowance and my pension, until they had nothing more to take from me, and turned me adrift into the world at forty-nine. I was wounded once in the trenches and once at Delhi, and this is what I got for it, just because I couldn't keep away from the drink. You don't happen to have a fill of 'baccey about you? Thank you, sir; you are the first gentleman I have met this many a day.

"Sebastopol? Why, Lord bless you, I

knows it as well as I know this here village. You've read about it, may be, but I could make it clear to you in a brace of shakes. This here fender is the French attack, you see, and this poker is the Russian lines. Here's the Mamelon opposite the French, and the Redan opposite the English. This spittoon stands for the harbour of Balaclava. There's the quarries midway between the Russians and us, and here's Cathcart's hill, and this is the twenty-four gun battery. That's the one I served in towards the end of the war. You see it all now, don't you, sir?"

"More or less," I answered doubtfully.

"The enemy held those quarries at the commencement, and very strong they made them with trenches and rifle-pits all round. It was a terrible thorn in our side, for you couldn't show your nose in our advanced works, but a bullet from the quarries would be through it. So at last the general, he would stand it no longer, so we dug a covering trench until we were within a hundred yards of them, and then waited for a dark night. We got our chance at last, and five hundred men were got together quietly under cover. When the word was given they made for the quarries as hard as they could run, jumped down, and began bayonetting every man they met. There was never a shot fired on our side, sir, but it was all done as quiet as may be. The Russians stood like men—they never failed to do that—and there was a rare bit of give-an'-take fighting before we cleared them out. Up to the end they never turned, and our fellows had to pitchfork them out of the place like so many trusses of hay. That was the Thirtieth that was engaged that night. There was a young lieutenant in that corps, I disremember his name, but he was a terrible one for a fight. He wasn't more'n nineteen, but as tall as you, sir, and a deal stouter. They say that he never drew his sword during the whole war, but he used an ash stick, supple and strong, with a knob the size of a cocoa-nut at the end of it. It was a nasty weapon in hands like his. If a man came at him with a firelock, he could down him before the bayonet was near him, for he was long in the arm and active as well. I've heard from men in his company that he laid about him like a demon in the quarries that night, and crippled twenty, if he hit one."

It seemed to me that the veteran was beginning to warm to his subject, partly, perhaps, from the effects of the brandy-and-water, and partly from having found a

sympathetic listener. One or two leading questions were all that he would require. I refilled my pipe, settled myself down in my chair, put my weary feet upon the fender, and prepared to listen.

"They were splendid soldiers, the Russians, and no man that ever fought against them would deny it. It was queer what a fancy they had for the English, and we for them. Our fellows that were taken by them were uncommon well used, and when there was an armistice we could get on well together. All they wanted was dash. Where they were put they would stick, and they could shoot right well, but they didn't seem to have it in them to make a rush, and that was where we had them. They could drive the French before them, though, when we were not by. I've seen them come out for a sortie, and kill them like flies. They were terribly bad soldiers—the worst I ever saw—all except the Zouaves, who were a different race to the rest. They were all great thieves and rogues, too, and you were never safe if you were near them."

"You don't mean to say they would harm their own allies?" said I.

"They would that, sir, if there was anything to be got by it. Look at what happened to poor Bill Cameron, of our battery. He got a letter that his wife was ailing, and as he wasn't very strong himself, they gave him leave to go back to England. He drew his twenty-eight pound pay, and was to sail in a transport next day; but, as luck would have it, he goes over to the French canteen that night, just to have a last wet, and he lets out there that he had the money about him. We found him next morning lying as dead as mutton between the lines, and so kicked and bruised that you could hardly tell he was a human being. There was many an Englishman murdered that winter, sir, and many a Frenchman who had a good British pea-jacket to keep out the cold.

"I'll tell you a story about that, if I am not wearying you. Thank you, sir; I thought I'd just make sure. Well, four of our fellows—Sam Kelcey and myself, and Jack Burns and Prout—were over in the French lines on a bit of a spree. When we were coming back, this chap Prout suddenly gets an idea. He was an Irishman, and uncommon clever.

"See here, boys," says he; "if you can raise sixpence among you, I'll put you in the way of making some money to-night, and a bit of fun into the bargain."

"Well, we all agreed to this, and turned out our pockets, but we only had about fourpence altogether.

"Niver mind," says Prout. "Come on with me to the French canteen. All you've to do is to seem very dhrunk, and to keep saying 'yes' to all I ask."

"All this time, sir, we hadn't a ghost of an idea of what he was driving at, but we went stumbling and rolling into the canteen, among a crowd of loafing Frenchmen, and spent our coppers in a drain of liquor.

"Now," says Prout, loud out, so as everyone could hear, 'are you ready to come back to camp?'

"Yes," says we.

"Have you got your thirty pounds safe in your pocket, Sam?"

"Yes," says Sam.

"And you, Bill," he says to me, 'have you got your three months' pay all right?'

"Yes," I answers.

"Well, come on, then, an' don't tumble down more'n you can help," and with that we staggered out of the canteen and away off into the darkness.

"By this time we had a pretty good suspicion of what he was after, but when we were well out of sight of everybody, he halted and explained to us.

"They're bound to follow us after what we've said, and it's queer if the four of us can't manage to best them. They keep their money in little bags round their necks, and all you've got to do is to cut the string."

"Well, we stumbled on, still pretending to be very drunk, so as to have the advantage of a surprise, but never a soul did we see. At last we was within a stone's-throw of our lines when we heard a whispering of 'Anglais! Anglais!' which is their jargon for 'English,' sir; and there, sure enough, was about a dozen men coming down against us in the moonlight. We stumbled along, pretending to be too drunk even to see them. Pretty soon they stopped, and one of them, a big stout man, sidles up to Sam Kelcey and says, 'What time you call it?' while the rest of them began to draw round us. Sam says nothing, but gives a terrible lurch, on which the Frenchie, thinking it all right, sprang at his throat.

"That was our signal for action, and in we went. Sam Kelcey was the strongest man in the battery and a terrible bruiser, and he caught this leader of theirs a clip under the jaw that sent him twice head over heels before he brought up against the wall, with the blood pouring from his

mouth. The others made a run at us, but all they could do was to kick and scream, while we kept knocking them down as quick as they could get to their feet. We had all their little bags, sir, and we left the lot of them stripped and senseless on the road. Five-and-thirty golden pieces in English money and French we counted out upon a knapsack when we got back to our quarters, besides boots and flannel shirts and other things that were handy. There was never another drunken man followed after that night's work, for you see they never could be sure that it wasn't a sham."

The veteran paused for a moment to have a pull at his glass and listen to my murmur of appreciation. I was afraid that I had exhausted his story-telling capacities; but he rippled on again between the puffs of his pipe.

"Sam Kelcey—him that I spoke about—was a fine man, but his brother Joe was a finer, though a bit of a scamp in his day, like many a fine man is. When I was stationed at Gibraltar after the war Joe Kelcey was working at the fortifications as a convict, having been sent out of England for some little game or other. He was known to be a bold and resolute man, and the overseers kept a sharp look-out on him for fear he'd try to break away. One day he was working on the banks of the river and he seed an empty hamper come floating down—one that had come with wine, as like as not, for the officers' mess. He gets hold of the hamper, and he knocks the bottom out, and stows it away among the rushes. Next morning we were having breakfast when in rushes one of the guard and cries, 'Come on, boys; the five-of-spades is up!'—the five-of-spades being a name they gave to the spotted signal they ran up when a convict had escaped. Out we all tumbled, and began searching like hounds for a hare, because there was always a reward of two pounds for the finder. There wasn't a drain or a hollow but was overhauled, and never a sign of Joe, till at last we gave him up in despair, and agreed that he must be at the bottom of the river.

"That afternoon I was on guard on the ramparts, and my eye chanced to light on an old hamper drifting about half a mile or so from the shore. I thought nothing of it at the time, but in a quarter of an hour I happened to catch sight of the same object again. I stared at it in astonishment.

"'Why,' I said to the sentry on the wall, 'that hamper's going further away

towards the Spanish shore. Blest if it isn't moving against wind and tide and every law of Nature.'

"'Nonsense!' says he; 'there's always a queer eddy in the straits.'

"Well, this didn't satisfy me at all, so I goes up to Captain Morgan, of our battery, who was smoking his cigar, and I saluted and told him about the hamper. Off he goes, and is back in a minute with a spy-glass, and takes a peep through it.

"'Bless my soul!' he cries, 'why the hamper's got arms sticking out of it! Ah, to be sure, it's that rascal who escaped this morning. Just run up a signal to the man-of-war.'

"We hoisted it, and in a few minutes two boats were in pursuit of the convict. Now if we had left well enough alone, Joe would have been caught sure enough, for he never knew he was found out, and was taking things leisurely, being an uncommon fine swimmer. But Captain Morgan says:

"'Just wheel round this thirty-two pounder, and we'll drop a shot beside him to show him that we see him, and bring him to a halt.'

"We slewed the gun round, sir, and the captain looked along the sights and touched her off. A more wonderful shot you never saw, and the whole crowd that was on the ramparts gave a regular shout. It hit the top of the hamper and sent the whole thing flying in the air, so that we made sure that the man was killed. When the foam from the splash had cleared away, he was still there though, and striking out might and main for the Spanish coast. It was a close race between him and the boats, and the coxswain actually grabbed at him with a boat-hook as he clambered up on land, but there he was, and we could see him dancing about and chaffing the men-o'-war's men. There was a cheer, sir, when we saw him safe, for a plucky chap like that deserves to be free, whatever he's been and done. You look tired. You've had a long walk maybe. Perhaps you'd best have some rest."

This remark, disinterested as it sounds, was given point to by the plaintive manner in which my companion gazed at the two empty glasses, as if it were evident that the proceedings of the evening had come to a close.

"It's not often," he murmured, "that a poor old soldier like me finds a gentleman as sociable-like and free as your honour."

I need hardly say that after that I had no alternative but to ring the bell and order up a second edition of the brandy-and-water.

"You were talking about the Russians," he continued, "and I told you they were fine soldiers. Some of their riflemen were as good shots as ever pulled a trigger. Excuse me, that glass is yours, sir, and the other is mine. Our sharpshooters used to arrange four sand-bags, one on each side, one in front, and one crossways on the top, so as to cover them all round. Then, you see, they shot through the little slit between the bag in front and the one on the top; maybe not more than two inches across. You'll hardly believe me, but I've seen at the distance of five hundred yards the bullets humming through the narrow slits as thick as bees. I've known as many as six men knocked over in half an hour in one of these sand-traps, as we used to call them; every one of them hit in the eye too, for that was the only part that showed.

"There is a story that that reminds me of which might interest you. There was one Russian fellow that had a sand-pit all of his own, right in front of our trenches. I never saw anybody so persevering as that man was. Early in the morning he'd be popping away, and there he'd stay until nightfall, taking his food with him into the pit. He seemed to take a real pleasure in it, and as he was a very fine shot, and never let us get much of a chance at him, he was not a popular character in the advanced trenches. Many a good fellow he sent to glory. It got such a nuisance that we dropped shells at him now and again, but he minded them no more than if they had been so many oranges.

"One day I was down in the trenches when Colonel Mancor, of the Forty-eighth, a splendid shot and a great man for sport, came along. A party with a sergeant were at work, and just as the colonel came up, one of them dropped with a ball through his head.

"'Deuced good shot! Who fired that?' says the colonel, putting up his eye-glass.

"'Man in the rifle-pit to the left, sir,' answers the sergeant."

"'Never saw a neater shot,' says the colonel. 'He only showed for a moment, and wouldn't have shown then, only that the edge of the trench is a bit worn away. Does he often shoot like that?'

"'Terribly dangerous man,' replies the sergeant; 'kills more than all the guns in the Redan.'

"'Now, major,' says the colonel, turning to another officer as was with him, 'what's the odds against my picking him off?'

"'In how long?'

"'Within ten minutes.'

"'Two to one, in ponies, I'll give you,' says the major.

"'Say three, and it's a bargain.'

"'Three to one in ponies,' answered the major, and the bet was made.

"He was a great man for measuring his powder, was the colonel, and always emptied out a cartridge and then filled it up again according to his taste. He took about half his time getting the sergeant's gun loaded to please him. At last he got it right, and the glass screwed well into his eye.

"'Now, my lads,' says he, 'just push poor Smith here up over the trench. He's dead enough, and another wound will make little difference to him.'

"The men began to hoist the body up, and the colonel stood, maybe twenty yards off, peering over the edge with eyes like a lynx. As soon as the top of Smith's shako appeared, we saw the barrel of the gun come slowly out of the sand-pit, and when his poor dead face looks over the edge, whizz comes a bullet right through his forehead. The Russian he peeps out of the pit to see the effect of his shot, and he never looks at anything again until he sees the everlasting river. The colonel fired with a sort of a chuckle, and the rifleman sprang up in the air, and ran a matter of ten or twelve paces towards us, and then down on his face as dead as a door-nail. 'Double or quits on the man in the pit to the right,' says the colonel, loading up his gun again, but I think the major had dropped money enough for one day over his shooting, for he wouldn't hear of another try. By the way, it was handed over to Smith's widow, for he was a free-handed gentleman, was the colonel, not unlike yourself, sir.

"That running of dead men is a queer thing. Perhaps your eddication may help you to understand it, but it beats me. I've seen it, though, many a time. I remember the doctor of our regiment saying it was commoner among men hit through the heart. What do you think about it, sir?"

"Your doctor was quite right," I answered. "In several murder cases people who have been stabbed or shot through the heart have gone surprising distances afterwards. I never heard of such a case occurring in a battle, but I don't see why it shouldn't."

"It happened once," resumed my companion, "when Codrington's division were



going up the Alma, and were close on the great redoubt. To their surprise a single Russian came running down the hill against them, with his firelock in his hand. One or two fired at him and seemed to miss him, for on he came till he got right up to the line, when a sergeant, as had seen a deal of service, gives a laugh, and throws his gun down in front of him. Down goes the Russian and lies there stone dead. He'd been shot through the heart at the top of the hill, and was dead before ever he began that charge. At least, that's what the sergeant said, and we all believed him.

"There was another queer incident of the same sort which happened later on in the war. Perhaps you may have heard of it, for it got into print at the time. One night a body, fearfully mangled and crushed, came crashing in among the tents of the light division. Nobody could make head or tail of it, until some deserters let it out long afterwards. It seems that they had one old-fashioned sort of gun with a big bore in a Russian battery. Now the night was cold, and the poor devil of a sentry thought he'd stow himself away where he'd never be seen, so he creeps inside the big gun, and goes to sleep there. In the middle of the night there was a sudden alarm of an attack, and an artilleryman runs up to the gun and touches it off, and the sentry was flying through the air at twenty miles a minute. It didn't much matter," added the veteran philosophically, "for he was bound to be shot any way, for sleeping at his post, so it saved a deal of useless delay."

"To a man who has seen so much of the world," I remarked, "this humdrum life in a Welsh village must be very slow."

"It is that, sir. It is that, sir. You've hit it there. Lord bless you, sir, if I had a gentleman like yourself to talk to every night I'd be a different man. I'll tell you one reason now for my coming to this place," here he leaned forward impressively. "I've got a wife in London, sir, but I came here to break myself of the drink. And I'm doing it, slow but sure. Why, three weeks ago I could never sleep unless I had my five glasses under my belt, and now I can manage it on three."

"Waiter, another glass of brandy-and-water," said I.

"Thank you, sir; thank you. As you said just now I have had a stirring life, and this quiet business is too much for me. Did I ever tell you how I got my

stripes? Why, it was by hanging three men—three men with these very hands."

"How was that?" I asked sleepily.

"It was like this, sir. We were in Corfu—three batteries of us, in '50. Well, one of our officers—a lieutenant he was—went off into the mountains to shoot one day, and he never came back. His dog trotted into the mess-room, however, and began to howl for all the world like a human being. A party was made up, and followed the dog, who led them right up among the hills to a place where there was a ditch. There, with a lot of ferns and such-like heaped over him, the poor young fellow was lying with his throat cut from ear to ear. He was a great favourite in the regiment, and more particularly with the officer in command, and he swore that he'd have revenge. There was a deal of discontent among the Greeks on the island at the time, and this had been encouraged by the priests—'pappas' they call them. Well, when we got back to town, the captain calls all these pappas before him, and there were three of them who could give no sort of account of themselves, but turned pale and stammered, and were terribly put out. A court-martial was held, and the three of them were condemned to be hanged. Now came the difficulty, however, for it was well known that if anyone laid hands on a priest his life wasn't worth an hour's purchase. They are very strict about that are the Greeks, and uncommon handy with their knives. The captain called for a volunteer, and out I stepped, for I thought it was my duty, sir, seeing that I had been the dead man's servant. Well, the troops formed square round the scaffold, and I hung them as high as Haman. When the job was over, the captain says, 'Now, my lad, I'll save your life,' and with that he forms the troops up into close order, puts me in the middle, and marches me down to the quay. There was a steamer there just casting off her warps for England, and I was shoved aboard, the crowd surging all round, and trying to get at me. You never heard such a howl as when they saw the ship steam out of the bay, and knew that I was gone. I have been a lonely man all my life, sir, and I may say that was the only time I have been honestly regretted when I left. We searched the ship when we got out to sea, and blessed if there weren't three Greek stowaways aboard, each with his knife in his belt. We hove them

over the side, and since I have never heard from them since, I fear they may possibly have been drowned ;" and the artilleryman grinned in high delight. "They made me a corporal for that job, sir."

"By the way, what is your name?" I asked, getting more and more drowsy, partly from the heat of the fire, and partly from a curious feeling which was stealing over me, and the like of which I had never experienced before.

"Sergeant Turnbull, sir ; Turnbull of B battery, Royal Horse Artillery. Major Campbell, who was over us in the Crimea, or Captain Onslow, or any of the old corps, would be glad to hear that you have seen me. You'll not forget the name, will you, sir?"

I was too sleepy to answer.

"I could tell you a yarn about a Zouave that would amuse you. He was mortal drunk, and mistook the Russian lines for ours. They was having their supper in the Mamelon when he passes the sentry as cool as may be—prisoner—jumps—colonel—free——"

When I came to myself I found that I was lying in front of the smouldering fire, and that the candle was burning low. I was alone in the room. I staggered to my feet with a laugh, but my brain seemed to spin round, and I came down into my former position. Something was evidently amiss. I put my hand into my pocket to find out the time. It was empty. I gave a gasp of astonishment. My purse was gone too. I had been thoroughly rifled.

"Who's in there?" cried a voice, and a small dapper man, rather past the prime of life, came into the room with a candle. "Bless my soul, sir, my wife told me a traveller had come, but I thought you were in bed long ago. I'm the landlord, but I've been away all day at Llanmorris fair."

"I've been robbed," said I.

"Robbed!" cried the landlord, nearly dropping the candle in his consternation.

"Watch, money—everything gone," I said despondently. "What time is it?"

"Nearly one," said he. "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"No, there's no mistake. I fell asleep about eleven, so he's got two hours' start."

"There was a train left about an hour and a half ago. He's clear away, whoever he is," observed the landlord. "You seem weak, sir. Ah!" he added, sniffing at my

glass; "laudanum, I see. You've been drugged, sir."

"The villain!" I cried. "I know his name and history, that's one blessing."

"What was it?" asked the landlord eagerly.

"I'll make every police-station in the kingdom ring with it till I teach him. It is Sergeant Turnbull, formerly of B Battery."

"Why, bless my soul!" cried my companion. "Why, I am Sergeant Turnbull of B Battery, with medals for the Crimea and Mutiny, sir."

"Then who the deuce is he?"

A light seemed to break upon the landlord.

"Was he a tall man with a scar on his forehead?" he asked.

"That's him!" I cried.

"Then he's the greatest villain unhung. Sergeant, indeed! He never wore a uniform except a convict's in his life. That's Joe Kelcey."

"And do you mean to say he never was in the Crimea?"

"Not he, sir. He's never been out of England, except once to Gibraltar where he escaped very cleverly."

"He told me—he told me," I groaned; "and the officer with the stick, and the sporting colonel, and the running corpses, and the Greek priests—were they all lies?"

"All true as gospel, sir, but they happened to me, and not to him. He's heard me tell the stories many a time in the bar, so he reeled them off to you, so as to get a chance of hocussing the liquor. He's been reformed, and living here quiet enough, but being left alone with you, and seeing your watch, has been too much for him. Come up to bed, sir, and I'll send round and let the police know all about it."

And so, reader, I present you with a string of military anecdotes. I don't know how you will value them. They cost me a good watch and chain, and fourteen pounds, seven shillings and fourpence, and I thought them dear at the price.

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